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GLORIOUS WARFARE.—BADAJOS.

Those philosophers who hold that man is advancing to a state of perfectability, if we may judge from the signs of the times, are not likely soon to boast that their dream has come true. Peace grows old—she halts, and fails—she attempts to resume her former aspect, but symptoms are still apparent which indicate that she must ere long die, what, to the scandal of humanity, may be called a natural death. A mighty party, favourable to war, exists in France. It includes all the most ardent madmen of the day, who dream of nothing but laurel crowns and promotion. Their thirst for glory is increased by the belief that France has now become so strong, that she is more than a match for England. From our own shores they are told that the sea which once defended us from invasion, is to that end efficient no longer, being virtually bridged over by steam navigation; and as our armies have been twice seen in Paris within thirty years, Young France is well disposed to show its sense of the honour by paying London a visit.

It would be well that the restless spirits now in motion should ponder on the events of the last war. The scene of horrible destruction at Badajos, represented in our cut, if studied in its details, would make the truly brave shudder at the price which humanity must pay for military fame.

The obstinate determination of the assailants and the assailed on that occasion to persevere in the fatal strife, certainly was equal to any display of valour that history or romance can furnish; but how dreadful was the carnage! A few sentences from the life of Wellington, illustrative of the plate, will give some idea of part, and but a part, of the horrors thus witnessed:—

"There general Kempt (for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present); there general Kempt, I say, led the 3rd division; he had passed the Rivillas in single files, by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry fire, and then re-forming and running up the rugged hill, had reached the foot of the castle, when he fell severely wounded; and being carried back to the trenches, met Picton, who hastened with incredible courage, ascended amidst showers of heavy stones; logs of wood and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks, the enemy plied his musketry with fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, stabbed the leading assailants, or pushed the ladders from the walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts and the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers, answering to the sullen strokes of the fallen weights. Still swarming round the remaining ladders, these undaunted veterans

strove who should first climb; until all being overturned, the French shouted victory; and the British, baffled, but not tamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat re-formed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice to his men to follow; and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle, yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower; and an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was soon placed alongside the first, by the grenadier officer, Canch; and the next instant he and Ridge were on the ramparts. The shouting troops pressed after them; the garrison, amazed, and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement, sent from the French reserve, then came up; a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired. But Ridge fell, and no man fell that night with more glory, yet many died, and there was much glory. During these events, the tumult at the breaches was such, as if the very earth had been rent asunder, and the central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled."

Great horror has lately been expressed in France for the cruel smothering of some hundreds of wretched Arabs in Algiers. In the ditches of Badajos how many were suffocated by General Phillipon! The horrors which followed the taking of the place were such, that not all the lustre of the triumph could make an Englishman feel other than humbled while he reads them.

Some good men have fondly hoped that the world had become too enlightened to renew these awful struggles, worse than useless, as in the end they have ever proved; but the philanthropist will have to lament that the thought was vain. The interested and the impetuous will again press forward to war; and the just and the temperate, carried away by the stream, submit to the evil, as that which is inevitable.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

To those of a reflective turn of mind, nothing, probably, is capable of affording more material and facility for the exercise of that disposition than the supplementary sheet of the *Times* newspaper. The average number of advertisements is about six hundred daily—and it is to many a matter of surprise how so large a supply can result out of the transactions of every-day life

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We have all grades of society, from the beggar to the peer, brought within a very limited focus—illustrating a truth, perhaps more painful than acceptable—that, as there is "but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous," so is there but one, and a very trifling one too, between destitution and wealth. Many a nobleman's equipage and household effects,—nay, his very patrimony itself, are frequently disposed of by the king of auctioneers, Mr. George Robins, under the favourable auspices of a disguised advertisement, while, at the same moment, an announcement of a more explanatory and personal nature brings to light, after years of wretchedness and obscurity, some wasted form—the sun of whose fortune has risen as the author of the bequest has "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,"—placing him, inasmuch as money is concerned, on a level with a duke. In fact we know not, from hour to hour, where the "see-saw" of life will leave us. A slight deviation of the balance may place him "up" to-day who was "down" yesterday, and the scornful frown of insolence may be as suddenly changed into the hypocritical smile of the parasite as the turn of the fitful winds.

The limits of our columns will not permit the inquiry at length into the system of advertising as pursued in these days, because an analysis of the various descriptions of advertisements would necessarily compel a series of notices on the subject. Nevertheless, in a mere sketch, we may point out how rife a supplement of the *Times* is with events, both premeditated and accidental; and how replete with characteristics incidental to the several passions of human nature that medium of publicity always appears. The glittering parade of the ball-room and the banquet, in one column of the paper, is dimmed by an announced funeral *cortège*, in an advertisement, in the very next column; while the indecent haste with which a candidate for a parliamentary seat claims the patronage of a borough, vacated by the former member, whose death probably appears in the same paper, is a specimen of legislative economy at once revolting and disgusting. In fine, a supplement to the *Times* is not only a sufficient study to inculcate moral lessons in the reader; but, what is more, it impresses the mind with the truth of the vanities, the hatred, the extravagance, the meanness, the tyranny, and numerous other alloys with which our better nature is intermixed, reminding us that—

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

The extensive system of advertising, strange as it will at first sight appear, may

be traced to be the effect, partly, of political causes. It is not for us to say whether the innumerable applications for employment in the columns of the London press—some of them amounting even to beseechings—are the results of over-population, or a bad system of government; or whether, which is as probable as the first two propositions, money is so thoroughly monopolised as to be in the hands of a select few, who care little about anybody's wants but their own. Surely the world is sufficiently wide and fertile for all; but the purposes for which it was designed are most miserably misapplied and misunderstood (in some instances very wilfully) by wealth and station. In the present day the "mind labourer" is increasing in a far greater ratio than the "body labourer." The latter can gain a livelihood when the former, as the *Times* supplement daily proves, is by far the most destitute of any member of society. As mind increases, the chances of anything like equitable adjustment in the acquirement of remuneration seem to vanish, leaving the mass in a worse condition than they are represented to have been centuries ago. Let us take the case of the "body labourer."

In the fourteenth century, during the reign of Edward III, the agricultural labourer received, during harvest, threepence a day, besides diet, or twopence per quarter for thrashing wheat. Now, at that period, threepence was equal to five shillings at this present time. In the fifteenth century a workman's wages were sixpence a day.

In the nineteenth century, 1845—the days of civilisation and of enlightened government—the average wages of the Dorsetshire labourer, notwithstanding the attempts made by interested parties to throw discredit on the fact, are eight shillings (and in some instances only six shillings) per week! Taking, therefore, the labourer of the fourteenth century in comparison with our's of the present age of "reform," we find the former earned thirty shillings per week, while the labourer of 1845, in Dorsetshire, can earn only eight! being in proportion of about four to one in favour of the days of Edward III. Taking the comparative cheapness of necessities in these days also into consideration, the result is an increase of nearly five to one in favour of the agricultural labourer in the thirteenth century. So much for the "improvement" of the working classes, and the regeneration of England in the days of reform! We might pursue this subject still further, but it is not the exact purport of our present article.

If our ancestors, in the time of Edward, could catch a glimpse at the advertising sheet of the *Times* of this day, it would

indeed "frighten them from their propriety." They would naturally conclude there was—not "something rotten in the state of Denmark"—but that something was wrong in the state of old England. They would have stared at the long columns of applications by servants, cooks, footmen, coachmen, nursery, kitchen, scullery, and barmaids. Yes, noblemen and gentlemen of England, your really noble and chivalrous ancestors would have recoiled at the very idea of such things, because the grand feature in their time was the protection of their vassals; times when the baronial halls were open to all (irrespective of station) to partake of the contents of the "wassail bowl," and of the bounties of a brave, open-hearted, and high-minded nobility. Then, such acts as wholesale clearances and ejections of tenantry were unnecessary and unknown.

It was but the other day we saw an advertisement in the *Times* of a lawyer's clerk, or some such individual, offering to take in law writing at one farthing (!) a folio. A folio consists of seventy-two words. This would amount to one penny per sheet! Then, again, we read the advertisement of a governess who professed to teach all the accomplishments of the present day for eight shillings per week! These are only specimens (and by no means the worst) of the low rate at which people value their services. It may be, hard necessity is their monitor, in the pursuit of this injudicious step. Nevertheless, they materially injure society, because they are the instruments of bringing remuneration for services to the mean level of which they are the loudest and first to complain. On the other hand, there exists a class of employers who are equally, nay, more culpable, and who advertise for clerks at such a wretchedly low remunerative price, that it is almost a pity such men should possess the means of paying for their advertisement. We saw, only last week, an application by some mean impostor (he could have been nothing else) for "an active, intelligent, and industrious clerk," who was to be conversant in accounts, and not to mind work, but to make himself generally useful. Hours, from nine in the morning until eight in the evening. And what think you, reader, this person, who expected his business to be diligently attended to, offered as his clerk's salary? Ten shillings per week! Added to which generous bait, the clerk was to give security! Now, in proportion as the seekers for employment destroy their own prospects by the undervaluation of their services, so, in the same ratio, do these advertisers for clerks, or other servants, risk their property by such offers as that above mentioned. Both classes are

equally culpable—the one for offering to work at a price which he knows cannot ensure him an honest livelihood, and the other for holding out a reward (for it is no better) to parties who cannot exist on the miserable pittance offered, and who are by such means tempted to commit themselves by robbing their masters, or otherwise disgracing themselves and connexions. Thanks to the "liberal" employer, he is too frequently the cause of crime and recklessness.

It is said we should never be ready to denounce a system without suggesting a remedy for its amelioration. We will do so. Let every class form a society, the principle of which shall be the refusal of each member to work under fair remunerative prices. Thus both master and employer would be protected. The former would thus be compelled to offer fair wages, while the latter would resist temptation, and prove a faithful servant. But, until the present system is changed, society can never improve.

Finally, reader, if you wish to gain an insight into the times, and to observe the various workings of society generally, how all are linked together—and how the whole population is in a manner comprised in one circle—look at a supplement of the *Times*. It is a complete stage, upon which the actors of the day of all grades, rich and poor, will be found to play their enviable or unenviable parts. You have the painful appeal of the author's widow to the purse-strings of affluence, which could admire genius while living, but which could not (or would not) ease the indigence of the poet while on this side of the grave. He may have his monument when life has fled, but the means of existence are denied him. It is well the poet can isolate his thoughts, and soar above all these considerations, and scorning the pounds, shillings, and pence, of a cold and calculating world, rise above the sordid hearts of the thoughtless and selfish! He is the author of his own fame; would that a twentieth part of the wealthy could equally pride themselves!

Strange contrasts present themselves in these advertising columns. We have a mere rule (speaking technically, and in the printing sense), separating the announcement of a charity or funeral sermon, from an Italian Opera benefit! Surely this is a faint line between life and death! Then comes a touching appeal of the orphan, side by side with the notice of an aldermanic feast, not a crumb of which falls from the rich man's table, to assist in appeasing the cravings of the modern Lazarus. Here we have the lover and monopolist of Mammon, advertising his thousands to lend, at usurious interest, while close at hand the applicant for a trifling loan,

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which might save his very existence, passes unheeded and untempered. The advertisement of the undertaker, with his "Funerals Furnished," stands parallel with the announcement of the Insurance Company; the one professing to perform the last offices for the dead, while the other "insures your life," at the same moment wishing your speedy departure from this world for the sake of gain.

Thus do extremes in this extraordinary manner jostle one another. The ermined peer soils his robe against the rags of the beggar, by which his dignity, perchance, is considered tarnished. Albeit, the advertisement for the sale of his encumbered estate costs no more than that of the man without a title. Such, however, is the "Philosophy of Advertising." If society would, therefore, when they take up, daily, the supplement of the *Times* newspaper, devote, over the breakfast table, a few moments of sober reflection, they would learn how frail is the thread which connects all human affairs, and how easily an announcement (be it never so unexpected), through that channel of publicity, can, by some unforeseen accident, make the rich man a suppliant for the charity of his fellow-creatures, or the poor man a titled personage.

We are sure no one who will make a practice of daily perusing, attentively, the variety to be found in that one sheet issuing from the leviathan press of this country, can eventually rise from the feast without questioning his conscience as to his duty to his fellow-creatures.

THE PENNY WEDDING.

In the "Life and Times of the Rev. John Campbell," we find the following graphic picture of a Penny Wedding:—

"My first long journey from home was to the village of Pennycuik, about eight miles distant. Such was the interest I took in it, that the night before I set off, I could sleep none, and every hour seemed to have no end. However, daylight at length came, which afforded me as much pleasure as the return of evening to the hard-wrought labourer. With joy I jumped out of bed, awoke the female servant who was to be my companion in travel, and wondered at the number of things she had to do before she could start. The marriage of an acquaintance was the object of our journey, which was to be on foot. When everything was adjusted, we set off in charming spirits; and the loveliness of the morning increased them. Everything around, as we proceeded, was beheld with deep interest; appearing to my boyish eyes as novel as if I had been travelling among

the hills and dales of the moon. When I beheld Pentland Hills at my side, which I had only seen from afar before, I leaped and clapped my hands with joy, thinking what wonderful things I should have to relate on my return to home. On passing through the village of Straiton, and seeing a straight road for two miles before me, with a black moor on both sides, I considered it a perilous part of our journey, and kept pretty close to the servant; for not another human being was to be seen. This was a position I had never been placed in before; and glad was I on reaching Auchindinny briggs (or bridges) where there were a few houses, and children at play in front of them, a lovely river, and many trees clad in lively green, which, after passing amidst dull black moors, appeared like a paradise; though fatigued, it exhilarated our animal spirits, yet I began to think Pennycuik was a very remote region; for to all my inquiries, whether it was near such a tree, which we saw at a distance, or such a hill, the answer was uniformly, No! which made me sometimes fall down upon the grass, expressing a doubt if there was such a place as the village of Pennycuik. At last, we came in sight of the church-steeple, behind a rising ground; intelligence as interesting to me then, as if I now were to come in sight of Jerusalem. Next day, the marriage took place somewhere at a distance; after which, the young couple, with numerous friends on horseback, came with great speed into the village, where almost the whole of the villagers were turned out to witness their public entrance. A barn had been cleared out for the company to dine in; temporary tables were erected, on which abundance of provisions were placed. Scotch broth, with the addition of raisins in it, I remember, was in great request, because raisins are not used except on such great occasions. When a plateful was handed to me, of course I first looked to see how many raisins were in it; and I believe that I was not the only one in the company who directed their attention to that point. When the dinner was finished, one and sixpence was collected from each person who had partaken of it; the profit from which was designed to assist the new pair to furnish their house, a common custom in the days of 'auld lang syne.' All who were willing to pay for the dinner were made most welcome to join the party. A dance commenced immediately after the removal of the dinner. A table, on which stood a large vessel like a tub full of whisky-punch, was placed at the end of the barn; the guardians of which were the parish minister, and three or four elderly relations of the married people. These supplied every dancer with a glass of punch when they chose to ap-

ply, whether male or female. The fiddler, also, was not forgotten. All was novelty to me, for it was the first and last penny, or paying, wedding that I ever witnessed; for they only even then took place in the country. It quitesuited my boyish taste; for, like others, I was fond of stir and bustle. I was delighted with the village, which contained five or six hundred inhabitants, and surrounded with paper-mills and fine scenery. I recollect nothing about leaving the place, and my return home; but I remember being proud, among my companions, of being such a traveller."

OLD ELSPEETH.

Old Elspeth was a corlin dread,
At least report said so,
And near her door, when daylight fled,
No youngster dared to go.

And though old Elspeth much was bent,
And used a staff by day,
The gossips swore at night she'd mount
And sail long leagues away!

And all to mix, in rites unblest,
With Satan and his band,
Who, 'mid the gloom of mist and mist,
Rode riot o'er the land.

Right fiercely sped the concourse dread,
(Where Druid rings were seen;
Where Woden's fiery feat off-spread
In former times had been;)

To gloat their eyes on the blood-red stains
The Runic piles that dyed,
Which, after twice ten centuries' rains,
Their searching glance descried.

And past the spots, on dismal coasts,
Where shipwrecked mariners lie;
And over moors, 'mong murderers' ghosts
And goblin sprites, they'd hie.

For well 'twas seen how matters stood,
For oft as morning beamed
To 'venturous wight, who dared intrude,
Right wo-begone she seemed.

And few made doubt her nights were spent
In revels far away,
Who marked the change she underwent
From the eve o' the by-gone day.

Sometimes she moaned, and much she coughed,
For which she blamed a cold;
And much therat the bumpkins scoffed,
When sunshine made them bold.

And daily 'plaints made all opine
That Elspeth's searching eye
Could blast the grain and scathe the kine
Whene'er she chose to try!

And the sexton swore, 'mong sundry feats,
That Elspeth's midnight spells
Made dead men dance in their winding-sheets,
To the sound o' the Abbey bells!

In short, the fact was plain to all,
If Elspeth there should stay,
She'd have the village, but and hall,
Ere twelve moons passed away.

Old Mertoun was a yeoman good,
Who worked hard by her dwelling;
And down the hill one morn he strode,
Pierce rage his bosom swelling.

His cow was strangled in her stance,
And little doubt had he
That Elspeth caused the sad mischance
By spells of witchery!

For he'd denied, with right good sense,
Old Elspeth fuel or food;
For who would deal with her whose pence
Might turn to stone or wood?

So Mertoun raised a goodly band
To souse the hag outright
In some deep pond, to let her stand
The test as best she might.

With whoop, halloo, and minceled din,
They reached the beldam's door;
But who the first should venture in,
Perplexed the party sore.

"'Twas Mertoun's job," the party said;
"The risk belonged to him;"
But Mertoun started back dismay'd,
And quaked at every limb;

With cautious step they ventured ben,
And, stretched upon the bed,
They found—ye powers! what found they then?—
The fierce old beldame—dead!

By famine's grasp relieved from fears,
And underneath her head
A well-used Bible, wet with tears
The poor old Witch had shed!

JAMES MURRAY.

THE VOYAGERS OF TIME.

By Mrs. W. W. Ritcher.

[For the Mirror.]

"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm."
GRAY.

When sailing on life's morning tide,
That fairy and glittering summer ocean,
Whose waves sweep by in crestled pride,
All buoyant as the heart's emotion;
The sails are set—hope fans the gale—
And expectation guides the prow—
No phantom comes, with aspect pale,
To tell of lurking storms below.
Of fairy lands they fondly dream,
Gem'd o'er with fadeless flowers,
Where virt'd pleasures gaily gleam,
And downy-wing'd the hours.
Glide on—glide on—ye joyous fleet,
What changing scenes your eyes will meet!

The morning zephyr sinks away;
The gales of moon are rising now,
And roughly do the billows play
Around that vessel's prow!
Far on the bleak horizon's verge,
Dim clouds their pall are shedding,
While muttering thunders, o'er the surge,
Fear, doubt, and care are spreading!
Glide on—glide on—divided fleet,
Your barks, in time, no more will meet!

Now, o'er the dark and restless tide,
Each breast is varying with the storm;
How are they severed far and wide,
From dewy morning's joy once torn!
And some, the harbour swiftly gain,
The early call'd, the early blest!
And some, oppress'd by care and pain,
Sigh to be with them, and at rest:
The few, by dusky evening, reach
The shadowy haven, weary worn,
Join the pale throng upon the beach,
Wrecks from the billow and the storm.
Glide on—glide on—ye leave time's rugged sea,
For that fair land, where storms no more will be!

JOHN ERICHSEN.

We seldom hear the name of Erichsen, though our intimacy with northern literature continues on the increase. Yet he is one of those who ought not to be forgotten. He struggled to extend the domain of knowledge, and may be considered to have fallen in his cause with as much reason as it may be said the soldier killed in battle has laid down his life in the cause of his country.

To him the *Hít Islenzka Lærdóm-Liata Félag*, or Icelandic Literary Society, established in Copenhagen, in 1779, owes in part its existence, and much of its early utility and importance. His best and most celebrated efforts in the cause it was intended to espouse, were prompted by him. His brief history, and his melancholy fate,

"To few known his worth, and to few known his end,"

are worthy of being recalled. Its purpose was declared to be the spread of learning and useful knowledge in Iceland, especially connected with agriculture, manufactures, and the arts—the preservation of the purity of the Icelandic (or as it is here called, Old Northern) tongue. Every ordinary member was bound to furnish some appropriate composition in Icelandic.

Erichsen was born on the 28th of August, 1728, a remarkable date, on which, many years after, Goethe first saw the light of day. The farm of Skálafell, in the south-east district of Iceland, was his birth-place; his father, Erik Johnson, was a poor but respectable peasant; his mother's name was Steinunn; she possessed qualities and instruction far beyond her grade in society, and discovered the talents of her son at a very early period of his life. He was taught to read and write by his parents: they paid very particular regard to his religious instruction, and he was confirmed when only nine years old, much earlier in life than the usual period for the performance of this ceremony. A royal decree has since forbidden confirmation till after the age of fourteen. His maternal uncle, the chaplain Vigpis Johnson, struck by the boy's readiness and diligence, devoted much attention to him through four long winter seasons, the summer months being, in Iceland, invariably devoted to labour. In 1743 he was received into the Latin school of Skálholt. At this time the Danish bishop Harboe was making an ecclesiastical visit to Iceland, sent thither by king Christian VI, and was deeply interested by the lad's progress, and he directed that every attention should be paid, and every facility offered him until he could be received as a student in the Copenhagen University. Great was the delight which he and his

family received from the bishop's protection; and, in 1745, he accompanied the bishop to Denmark, and took up his abode with the bishop's father at Broager in Sleswig, where he was brought up with all the care and kindness which one of the family could receive. The following year bishop Harboe took possession of his diocese of Drontheim, in Norway, and was accompanied by his young Icelandic guest, who pursued his Latin studies there under the auspices of Daer, the bosom-friend of Lakin, the Danish poet. He departed from Drontheim for the university of Copenhagen in 1748, bearing with him the most honourable credentials. He had lived some time among Danes, Sleswigers, and Norwegians, and great was his sorrow, when, mingling among the Icelanders at Copenhagen, he discovered that he had nearly forgotten his mother-tongue. He determined then to devote himself to the study of the ancient Scandinavian writings, and soon became an authority in all matters connected with the purity of the ancient languages, taking precedence far above any of the other Icelandic students. He pursued his course of reading with unbounded devotion and delight. He made rapid advances, and obtained his bachelor's degree in 1750. He was received into the Borchs College in 1754, and made *Decanus* of that community. The year following a kindly decree nominated him Professor of Jurisprudence in the Soroe Academy. For twelve years he filled the chair with reputation and renown, and with his friend and fellow-collegian Ove Guldberg, gave a long-lasting lustre to that establishment. In 1765, the office of tutor to the hereditary prince Frederick of Denmark was offered him; but under the advice of his friend and former disciple, an Icelander, Luxdorff, he declined the honour, which was in consequence conferred on Guldberg, who rose by that opportunity to the very highest public offices of the kingdom. In 1771, he was called away from Soroe, and nominated a member of the newly-constituted Norwegian chamber; after which he occupied a succession of important public posts, fiscal and administrative, was made state councillor in 1774, an assessor of the highest court of justice in 1779, librarian of the Royal Library in 1781, and in 1783 principal director of the Soroe Academy. He had been made member of several very important national commissions, as, for instance, that which had charge of the *Arnæ-Magnæan MSS.*; that for the reform of the university and high schools of Copenhagen; and that for the improvement of the situation of the Danish peasantry. In every important matter directly or indirectly relating to Iceland he was engaged. In fact, the demands on his atten-

gracefully over the fallen, and sympathises with the sorrowful. She appears not in the hall of plenty, or in the joyous hours of prosperity; she fills not the bowl with the sparkling wine, or wreathes the mazy windings of the dance, or causes the air to resound with notes of sweetest melody. From such scenes as these charity flies; but in the chamber of sickness, where a solitary taper throws a faint and flickering light around, she is present, and sweetly to the ears of sufferers do her soothing accents fall.

Charity, though unlimited in extent, is not vague or indeterminate in its application. It is not an idle dream of philanthropy, that vanishes in barren speculation—an universal sympathy, regardless of individual interests—a sickly sensibility, that bewails the miseries of others without attempting to relieve them. It does not terminate in visionary schemes of ameliorating the general condition of mankind, whilst it overlooks the objects that immediately surround it. Like the glorious luminary of heaven, it casts its cheering rays in all directions, but they who are nearest to it feel most powerfully its genial warmth and influence. Charity is the true happiness of life; it is known only to those who, with congenial minds, enter into that mutual intercourse of good offices and kind affections which attach us, as it were, insensibly to each other, which lead us to contemplate the good fortune of others with delight, which give us a lively interest in their concerns, and which cause an unfeigned joy to circulate from heart to heart. But if our wealth be hoarded in avarice, or squandered in dissipation—if, like the rich man in the gospel, we are “clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day,” yet overlook the poor Lazarus who is laid at our gate “full of sores;” if we see our fellow-creatures in need, and do not help them—in affliction, and do not comfort them—in sickness, and do not visit them—hungry, and do not feed them—naked, and do not clothe them—wronged, oppressed, and persecuted, and take no pains to rescue them from the iron hand of violence and injustice—if we see them “perishing from lack of knowledge,” and make no efforts to instruct and reform them—in all these cases, our talents are neglected, misapplied, and abused—we are sowing the seeds that will hereafter bring forth the bitter fruits of remorse, anguish, and death. On the other hand, if, according to our respective abilities, whenever opportunities present themselves, we are ready to relieve the wants, sympathise in the sufferings, and generally to promote the spiritual and temporal good of our fellow-creatures, then

our reward is before us, and “we shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.”

In the silent house, whose darkened windows proclaim that one of its inmates lies a corpse, charity finds entrance. She seeks not to dry a mourner’s eyes by telling that death is the common lot of humanity. Oh, no! she loves the tears that affection sheds over the cold form of a departed one, and, mingling her tears with the mourners, makes their sorrow her own; and there is so much in a gentle word, or a kind look, when sickness beats wildly on the frame, or when death steals away the friend of our youth, or when property has fallen away, and nothing but ruin and beggary stares one in the face, that man almost forgets his suffering, in finding another sympathising in his misfortunes.

There is an authority due to distress; and as none of the human race are above the reach of fortune, none should be above hearing it. Pity is the sense of our misfortunes in the misfortunes of other men. Our pity is proportioned to the love of the object. Relieving the distressed is doing one’s self a kindness beforehand, because it engages others to relieve us on the like occasion. He will always find himself assisted in adversity, who has behaved with gentleness in prosperity. Let him, therefore, that desires to see others happy, make haste to give whilst his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his beneficence. And let him who proposes his own happiness reflect that while he forms his purposes, the day rolls on, and the “night cometh when no man can work.”

Charity, then, is synonymous with benevolence, or love, and denotes all the good affections which we ought to bear towards one another. It is not confined to that indolent good-nature which makes us rest satisfied with being free from inveterate malice, or ill-will to our fellow-creatures, without prompting to be of service to any. True charity is an active principle. It is not, properly, a single virtue, but a disposition residing in the heart, as a fountain whence all the virtues of benignity, compassion, and liberality flow, as so many native streams.

RICHARD PARTRIDGE DAVIES.

EPITAPH ON AN INVETERATE FIBBER.

Of William KNOX this truth may say,
And there is no denying,
That here, till he was forced to lay,
He never gave up lying.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

MR. EDITOR,—Looking at the vast importance of railroads, you must feel that it is hard upon them that so loud a cry should be raised against the great lines now in existence, because within the last week or two a few score people have got broken limbs or bruises, that will be likely to make quick conveyance of them to another world. There must, I think, be some foul conspiracy at work to have produced the unlooked for publication of so many details. Why the discreet silence of a portion of the daily press, on the subject of railroad catastrophes, should have been broken as it has been on this occasion, can only be accounted for on such a supposition. Why should not the recent casualties have been hushed up as others have been? Departing from the established practice, some of the journals have forgotten their duty to the shareholders.

It ought not to be forgotten that these great blessings, monopolies as they are invidiously called, in their commencement established the nobler, I had almost said the God-like, principle, which ought to be displayed in letters of gold at every railway station: namely, that the interests and feelings of individuals are not to be respected when they stand in the way of public convenience. By public convenience is to be understood, that bland but iron rule which railway directors may resolve is for the general good of themselves.

It has been suggested that they ought to pay for the bloodshed they have caused, or that a tax ought to be imposed upon them, to furnish the means of travelling on the coach roads at half railway fares, that those may be able to attend to business who are so old-fashioned as to wish to travel in moderate safety. Against this, however, Young England must protest to a man. You, Sir, must feel that it would be preposterous to interfere with railroad profits, to reduce the premiums on shares from 100 to 90 per cent. in some cases, merely to suit the whims of a pack of square-toed old snarlers, who object to risk their necks, even for the sake of expedition.

The principle just granted must be constantly borne in mind. The interests and feelings of individuals are not to be respected when they stand in the way of public convenience—of course I mean of railway profits, it being always understood that of the established lines only are to be protected. When new plans for competing lines, however superior to what we have, are proposed, the old rule must be revived, and existing interests duly protected.

A SURVIVING PASSENGER.

BLESSINGS OF AMERICAN LAW.

The persons who have for some years occupied a territory which was formerly considered a portion of the Mexican territory, have thought proper to consent to its being annexed to the United States of North America. Among the pretended inducements held out to what is called the Texan public to consent to this job being carried out, the blessings of living under the laws of the United States have been mentioned, as something of no small importance. It has not been stated whether the advantages of Lynch-law are to be secured to the new state. Those, if rightly understood, are certainly of considerable moment. How Lyneh-law works, ought to be constantly borne in mind; and that cannot be better shown, than by quoting a letter published nine years ago in the *Boston Evening Gazette*. It will surprise some of the uninitiated to find that the Texans, scamps and runaways as they are said to be, should prefer annexation to a country in which such scenes occur, to remaining independent:—

"St. Lewis, April 28, 1836.

"I have just returned from witnessing the most horrid sight that ever fell to the lot of man—viz., the execution of 'Lynch Law' upon a yellow fellow, by the horrible means of a *slow fire*. The cause of this almost unprecedented execution I will now briefly relate. Deputy Sheriff Hammond, while endeavouring to arrest an offender, was, by the above-mentioned yellow fellow, defeated in his intent. During the scuffle the prisoner escaped. Mr. Hammond then arrested the yellow fellow for his interference, and took him before a justice of the peace, by whom he was committed. While conducting him to jail, accompanied by our constable, Mr. Mull, the prisoner drew a knife and plunged it into the constable's side. Upon witnessing this, Hammond sprang at the prisoner, who now turned upon him and inflicted a terrible and mortal blow; the point of the knife struck him on the chin, passed through his throat, completely severing the jugular vein; he staggered a few paces and fell dead. The prisoner then fled to a yard or passage way, but being brought to bay by his pursuers, and still retaining his knife, he swore he would kill the first man that attempted to arrest him. His pursuers, perceiving his threatening manner, backed out, with the exception of one, who seized a rail, and broke it over his head, which slightly stunned him, but soon recovering he resumed his menacing attitude, when a powerful and courageous man, but just arrived, seized upon a stone and hurled it with herculean force, striking him on the shoulder, and dislocating that limb. His arm dropped useless at his side, his knife fell

from his grasp, and he was immediately arrested, bound, and carried to prison. We must now return to the dead and wounded. During the time occupied in the pursuit of the prisoner, the news of the affray had spread over town, and the crowd around Mr. Hammond's body was joined by his son, an interesting lad about eleven years of age, whose loud and heart-rending lamentations infuriated the already excited spectators. They swore that the murderer should not live another hour. The resolution once formed, they proceeded to the jail where the prisoner was confined.—Being too strong for the officers, who could not, under existing circumstances, make such resistance, after forcing three doors they reached the cell that contained the murderer, and led him forth amidst the shouts of the multitude. Some few endeavoured to quell the tumult, but to no purpose. The friends of Mr. Hammond (and they were many, for he was universally beloved and respected) were determined on revenge—a revenge that may seem to be unwarrantable, but take the case home to yourself—conceive your own brother in the situation of Mr. Hammond, and you will find some palliating considerations to abate the horrid character of this transaction. The mob conducted the murderer to a pasture at the back of the city with the intention of hanging him, but some among them cried out, 'Burn him!' The horrible suggestion was immediately caught at. The moon had now risen bright and clear, the evening was calm and beautiful, too fair a night for the appalling spectacle that was about to be witnessed by at least 500 of our most respectable citizens. They chained the murderer to a tree, and the cry arose, 'Let the fire be slow!' They piled shavings and rails round him until they reached the height of about two feet and a half, a match was applied to the shavings, and the murderer commenced singing a hymn, which he continued until the heat became intense, and then these few half-smothered words escaped him, 'God take my life.' I had pressed forward until I stood in front of the sufferer; I could not move—it seemed as though some horrid fascination chained me to the spot, and I witnessed all his agony. Never martyr suffered more courageously. Not one single scream escaped him; his chest heaved with the most intense agony, yet all he said was, 'God take my soul!—God take my life!' in accents so low that none except those immediately about him could catch the sound. He had been burning about 15 minutes, when some one said, 'He feels no pain, he is too far gone.'—He immediately answered, 'Y-e-s I-d-o f-e-e-l it!' Never, never can I forget his looks, when with the utmost difficulty he uttered those

few words. The fire was so low that his legs and feet were burnt almost to a cinder before his other parts were to any degree affected. The tree to which he was chained was in full blossom, and seemed to smile upon the horrid deed. The horror of that scene can never be effaced from my memory. Imagine a human being chained to a tree—a slow fire burning around him—the boiling blood gushing in torrents from his mouth—his legs burnt to a crisp—yet his head moving from side to side, and occasionally a half-uttered groan. But I will not, I cannot further enlarge upon a sight so horrible—I feel a sickness at my heart, a dizziness in my head, occasioned by witnessing that terrific sight; but I was rooted to the spot—I could not withdraw my eye from the sight before me."

The writer calls this enormous butchery an "almost unprecedented execution." Melancholy to relate, it is not quite unprecedented. A sufficient number of these outrages give the practice the character of a system, which is known under the name above quoted, "Lynch-law." It may be said, the sad affair here narrated was but the wild outbreak of a frantic mob. True, but an American magistrate afterwards deliberately decided that the ringleaders were not to be pursued; that no bill could be found against the brutal perpetrators of so foul a crime. The name of the fellow who pronounced this decision, was Lawless, (his name was worthy of his nature), and he was brother to Lawless, the Irish patriot.

Humanity, so far as that is connected with the abolition of the slave trade, must deplore the annexation of Texas, which now appears to be consummated. The late American secretary of state showed a year ago that one great object of it was to defeat the efforts of Great Britain in its behalf. On the views of England he thus expresses himself:—

"It is unquestionable that she regards the abolition of slavery in Texas as a most important step towards the great object of policy, so much the aim of her solicitude and exertions, and the defeat of the annexation of Texas to our union as indispensable to the abolition of slavery there. She is too sagacious not to see what a fatal blow it would give to slavery in the United States, and how certainly its abolition with us would abolish it over the whole continent, and thereby give her a monopoly in the productions of the great tropical staples, and the command of the commerce, navigation, and manufactures of the world, with an established naval ascendancy and political preponderance. To this continent the blow would be calamitous beyond description. It would destroy, in a great

measure, the cultivation and production of the great tropical staples, amounting annually in value to nearly 300,000,000 dollars, the fund which stimulates and upholds almost every other branch of its industry, commerce, navigation, and manufactures. The whole, by their joint influence, are rapidly spreading population, wealth, improvement, and civilisation over the whole continent, and vivifying by their overflow the industry of Europe, thereby increasing its population, wealth, and advancements in the arts, in power, and in civilisation. Such must be the result should Great Britain succeed in accomplishing the constant object of her desire and exertions—the abolition of negro slavery over this continent; and towards the effecting of which she regards the defeat of the annexation of Texas to our union so important. Can it be possible that governments so enlightened and sagacious as those of France and the other great continental powers can be so blinded by the plea of philanthropy as not to see what must inevitably follow, be her motive what it may, should she succeed in her object? It is little short of mockery to talk of philanthropy, with the example before us of the effects of abolishing negro slavery in her own colonies, in St. Domingo and the northern states of our union, where statistical facts, not to be shaken, prove that the freed negro, after the experience of sixty years, is in a far worse condition than in the other states, where he has been left in his former condition. No; the effect of what is called abolition, where the number is few, is not to raise the inferior race to the condition of freemen, but to deprive the negro of the guardian care of his owner, subject to all the depressions and oppressions belonging to his inferior condition. But, on the other hand, where the number is great, and bears a large proportion to the whole population, it would be still worse. It would be the substitute for the existing relation a deadly strife between the two races, to end in the subjection, expulsion, or extirpation of one or the other; and such would be the case over the greater part of this continent, where negro slavery exists. It would not end there; but would, in all probability, extend, by its example, the war of races over all South America, including Mexico, and extending to the Indian as well as to the African race, and make the whole one scene of blood and devastation.

"Dismissing then, the stale and foul plea of philanthropy, can it be that France and the other great continental powers—seeing what must be the result of this policy, for the accomplishment of which England is constantly exerting herself, and that the defeat of the annexation of Texas is so important towards its consummation—are

prepared to back or countenance her in her efforts to effect either? What possible motives can they have to favour her cherished policy? Is it not better for them that they should be supplied with tropical produce in exchange for their labour from the United States, Brazil, Cuba, and this continent generally, than to be dependent on one great monopolising power for their supply? Is it not better that they should receive them at the low prices which competition, cheaper means of production, and nearness of market would furnish them by the former, than to give the high prices which monopoly, dear labour, and great distance from market would impose?"

To perpetuate slavery, therefore, is one of the objects of annexation.

NATURAL EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

Mr. Bakewell, in a book written on this most interesting subject, offers the following striking reflections:—

"The phenomena of solution afford some of the most obvious illustrations of complete changes produced in bodies without causing destruction; yet we are so much accustomed to see these changes, that though the substances dissolved can no longer be recognised, and are rendered perfectly invisible in their new condition, we never for a moment suppose that any particle of them is lost. The solution of a lump of sugar in a cup of tea may be adduced as a familiar illustration. The hard crystallised sugar is dropped into the tea, and after a short interval it wholly disappears. Were a person to witness such a phenomenon for the first time, he would consider the sugar to be totally lost, and he might be disposed to attribute its disappearance to magic. We are, however, so well acquainted with the process, that we cease to regard the phenomenon as worthy of notice, and feel confident the sugar has lost none of its properties by the chemical action, which renders it imperceptible to the organs of sight and touch. . . . The saccharine matter may indeed be reproduced in a solid form by evaporating the solution to dryness, when the residue will consist of crystals of sugar, which will be found to weigh exactly the same as the original lump. If, then, experience teaches that the operations usually considered the most destructive do not in fact destroy one particle of matter; and if we learn, also, that those operations themselves are nothing more than the effects of new combinations, and are entirely dependent upon the operation of those combinations; we receive additional evidence of the most conclusive nature to confirm the former deduction

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from analogy. We thus perceive that it would be impossible for those processes which appear to change the forms of bodies to destroy the ultimate particles of matter, because the processes themselves are only effects consequent on the changes that have already taken place, and merely indicate that the new combinations have been completed. . . . We are bound, then, to believe, from an accumulation of evidence so strong as to be completely irresistible, that the elements of matter which have once been created can only be annihilated by the direct interposition of the Omnipotent Power that brought it into being. Again: The chances that occur on death are not greater, nor do they present a more decided appearance of annihilation, than the decomposition of water. . . . When we combine these facts relative to the indestructibility of matter, and when we consider our incompetency to investigate immaterial essences, we shall have strong grounds for believing that mind is as imperishable as material substance; and we shall see the futility of those objections raised to the separate existence of the soul, merely on the ground of such a state of separation being incomprehensible."

IMPOSTORS IN THE EAST.

Lord Nugent, in his "Lands Classical and Sacred," undertakes to prove that the fame of the magicians of Cairo has no substantial foundation. One of them, named Abdel Kader, who was believed to have the power of describing, from supernatural skill, persons he had never seen, had succeeded to a considerable extent in imposing on Mr. Lane. Lord Nugent undeceived that gentleman, and showed that the magician was but a trickster. Another pretender had been foiled, but Abdel Kader kept his ground. He at least was somebody, but he when properly tested was not more happy than his friend or rival. His lordship says:—"Not one person whom Abdel Kader described bore the smallest resemblance to the one named by us; and all those called for were of remarkable appearance. All the preparations, all the ceremony, and all the attempts at description, bore evidence of such coarse and stupid fraud as would render any detail of the proceeding, or any argument tending to connect it with any marvellous power, ingenious art, or interesting inquiry, a mere childish waste of time. How, then, does it happen that respectable and sensible minds have been staggered by the exhibitions of this shallow impostor? I think that the solution which Mr. Lane himself suggested as probable is quite complete. When the exhibition was over, Mr. Lane

had some conversation with the magician, which he afterwards repeated to us. In reply to an observation of Mr. Lane's to him upon his entire failure, the magician admitted that he had been told he had 'often failed since the death of Osman Effendi';—the same Osman Effendi whom Mr. Lane mentions in his book as having been of the party on every occasion on which he had been witness to the magician's art, and whose testimony the *Quarterly Review* cites in support of the marvel, which (searching much too deep for what lies very near indeed to the surface) it endeavours to solve by suggesting the probability of divers complicated optical combinations, and be it again observed no optical combination can throw one ray of light upon the main difficulty—the means of producing the resemblance required of the absent person. I now give Mr. Lane's solution of the whole mystery, in his own words, my note of which I submitted to him, and obtained his ready permission to make public in any way I might think fit. This Osman Effendi, Mr. Lane told me, was a Scotchman formerly serving in a British regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Egyptian army during our unfortunate expedition to Alexandria in 1807; that he was sold as a slave, and persuaded to abjure Christianity and profess the Mussulman faith; that, applying his talents to his necessities, he made himself useful by dint of some little medical knowledge he had picked up on duty in the regimental hospital; that he obtained his liberty, at the instance of Sheik Ibrahim (M. Burkhardt), through the means of Mr. Salt; that, in process of time, he became second interpreter at the British consulate; that Osman was very probably acquainted, by portraits or otherwise, with the general appearance of most Englishmen of celebrity, and certainly could describe the peculiar dresses of English professions, such as army, navy, or church, and the ordinary habits of persons, of different professions, in England; that, on all occasions when Mr. Lane was witness of the magician's success, Osman had been present at the previous consultations as to who should be called to appear, and so had probably obtained a description of the figure when it was to be the apparition of some private friend or person present; that on these occasions he very probably had some pre-arranged code of words by which he could communicate secretly with the magician. To this must be added that his avowed theory of morals on all occasions was, that 'we did our whole duty if we did what we thought best for our fellow creatures and most agreeable to them.' Osman was present when Mr. Lane was so much astonished at hearing the boy describe very accurately the per-

son of M. Burkhardt, with whom the magician was unacquainted, but who had been Osman's patron; and Osman also knew well the other gentleman whom Mr. Lane states in his book was the boy described as appearing ill and lying on a sofa; and Mr. Lane added that he had probably been asked by Osman about that gentleman's health, whom Mr. Lane knew to be then suffering under an attack of rheumatism. He concluded therefore by avowing that there was no doubt on his mind, connecting all these circumstances with the declaration the magician had just made, that Osmond had been the confederate. Thus I have given, in Mr. Lane's words, not only with his consent, but at his ready offer, what he has no doubt is the explanation of the whole of a subject which he now feels to require no deeper inquiry, and which has been adopted by many as a marvel upon an exaggerated view of the testimony that he offered in his book before he had been convinced, as he now is, of the imposture. I gladly state this on the authority of an enlightened and honourable man, to disabuse minds that have wandered into serious speculation on a matter which I cannot but feel to be quite undeserving of it."

Reviews.

Sculpture Illustrations. [Gilbert.]

PART V appears of this new and valuable work. It contains three engravings, representing "The Dead Christ," by Gougeon, "The Monument to Louis XI," by Boudin, and "Scipio Africanus," by Ramey. Each of these is worth the price of the whole number. The "Dead Christ" presents us with a finely arranged group. The "Tomb of Louis" offers a very flattering likeness of that king. The piety which he affected under the fear of death, calling on our Lady, was perhaps the excuse of the sculptor for withholding from him that air of artifice, of low cunning, which some of his painters have made him wear, and which was perfectly in accordance with the character of a monarch whose principle of action was *qui nescio mentare nescio regnare*. The statue of Scipio is marked by a dignified simplicity. In the descriptive notice which accompanies it, the writer says:—

"The statue of Scipio presents him to us in an attitude striking but unaffected. It is of the same size as life, being about five feet nine inches in height. It was ordered to be placed in the hall of the court of the legislative body. It is understood that Ramey has applied himself to present us with the aspect of the hero in his tent.

He holds in his hand the plan he had prepared of that memorable contest which was to decide the fate of Carthage. He appears in solemn meditation, on the ruin he was about to pour on the enemies of Rome. There is an awful grandeur about him, of which, perhaps, few living have ever seen an impersonation. The lovers of the drama, who are old enough to remember John Kemble, in *Coriolanus*, when he took his stand among the Volscians, near the statue of Mars, have, perhaps, in their minds the nearest approach to that intellectual dignity with which the sculpture has invested the subject, that has been seen in modern days. None knew better than that great actor how to exhibit all that patrician pride, and the scorn which offended virtue might be expected to concentrate. The feeling of Coriolanus, where he indignantly exclaims,

"Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, slaying; pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word."

was nearly the same as that of Scipio, when, going into exile at Liternum, he breathed the denunciation repeated many centuries after, by the great poet of Portugal, Camoens, *Ingrata patria non possidebis ossa mea*, "Ungrateful countrymen! you shall not have my bones."

A Practical Guide to the Watering and Sea-Bathing Places. [Cradock.]

Novelty in a little work like this can hardly be expected, but careful condensation, clearness of style, and judicious arrangement, are demanded; and when, as in the present case, all these are combined with cheapness, praise is due, and the utility of the publication unquestionable. Brighton is now so largely visited by the Londoners, that some of the information given in the following paragraph may be especially useful:—

"Not only from the number and superiority of its attractions, but from the paucity of its drawbacks, Brighton has been justly designated the Queen of watering places. It lies due south from London, at the distance of from fifty to fifty-two miles, according to the road that may be selected: as the bird flies, it is not more than forty-three; and, from the railway terminus, near the foot of London Bridge, it is fifty and a half. Even before the construction of the railway, there were greater facilities of transit from the metropolis to Brighton than to any other town in the kingdom. Numbers of stage-coaches were starting from each place at every hour of the day; and, from the excellence of the horses employed, the admirable skill of the coachmen, and the rapidity with which changes were effected

on the road, the journey was frequently performed in from four to five hours. Since the opening of the railway, by which the distance is now run in less than two hours, most of the coaches have disappeared. Stages, however, on the various cross roads, run as usual. By the rapidity of railroad travelling, and the moderation of the fares, Brighton experiences a vast influx and reflux of visitors daily. The trains run eight times in the four-and-twenty hours; and there is usually an express train from London at four in the afternoon on Saturday; returning from Brighton at half-past nine on Monday morning. There are various other points of accommodation on this railway: periodical tickets between London and Brighton may be had at £12 for one month; at £30 for two months; at £35 for three months; and at £50 for twelve months. Day tickets for going and returning, may also be had at about a fare and a half; and Sunday trips, in the respective trains, first, second, and third-class, are charged only half the customary fare. Another advantage to Brighton, resulting from the employment of steam, is the shortening of the distance between London and Paris, in consequence of which, there are many additional birds of passage. From London to Paris, *via* Brighton and Dieppe, the journey is more than ninety miles shorter than by Dover and Calais. To persons subject to seasickness, there is a set-off against this advantage, in the length of the sea passage (seventy-three and a half miles) between Brighton and Dieppe. By the steam-packets, however, which start from the Chain Pier, Brighton, and Kingston Wharf, Shoreham, to Dieppe, three times a week during the summer months, the passage is usually performed in from eight to ten hours. The railroad from Rouen to Paris is now open; trains from each point leave six times a day; and the journey is accomplished in four hours. It may be useful to add, that a gun is fired one hour before the time of sailing from Brighton, and a blue flag pierced with white hoisted at the Pier Head as a signal. On the arrival of a packet, a gun is also fired, and a red flag pierced with white hoisted. Within the memory of man, Brighton, though now a place of such extensive fashionable and popular resort, was only a fishing town, known by the name of Brighthelmston. In the early part of the seventeenth century, however, it was in a more flourishing state, containing not fewer than 600 families, who were chiefly employed in the fishery. It had then seven narrow streets, and several lanes; and, having been repeatedly attempted by the French, though without effect, it was defended by strong fortifications. Afterwards, through re-

strictions having been laid on the fishery—heavy losses at sea, by the capture of its shipping—and the destruction of 130 houses, by an inundation of the sea, in 1699, sacrificing property to the amount of £40,000, it fell to decay. Five-and-twenty years ago, Brighton was estimated to contain more than 20,000 settled inhabitants. It is now a spacious and magnificent town, with a population of about 44,000, which during the fashionable season, may be reckoned at 60,000."

The Gatherer.

Royal Progress.—In the course of the present month it is expected the Queen will visit Germany. Her presence is looked for at Stolzenfels, where Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn are to attend. Jenny Lind, and other celebrated performers, are also to be there—to assist at a grand musical festival.

Beau Brummel.—Speaking of this notorious fribble, Lady Hester said—"He was no fool. I recollect his once saying to me, in Bond-street, riding with his bridle between his forefinger and thumb, as if he held a pinch of snuff, 'Dear creature! who is that man you were talking to just now?'—'Why,' I answered, 'that is Colonel —.'—'Colonel what?' said he, in his peculiar manner; 'who ever heard of his father?' So I replied, 'And who ever heard of George B.'s father?' 'Ah! Lady Hester,' he rejoined, half-seriously, 'who, indeed, ever heard of George B.'s father, and who would have ever heard of George B. himself, if he had been anything but what he is? But you know, my dear Lady Hester, it is my folly that is the making of me. If I did not impudently stare duchesses out of countenance, and nod over my shoulder to a prince, I should be forgotten in a week: and, if the world is so silly as to admire my absurdities, you and I know better, but what does that signify.'"

Exhibition of Criminals about to suffer.—Formerly it was customary, in some instances, to make a show of criminals about to die at Newgate, for the benefit of the servants of the prison. On the occasion of Dr. Dodd's execution, the *Public Ledger* of the following day, reporting the attendant circumstances, says—"At seven o'clock in the morning the little gate of Newgate was resorted to by a vast concourse of people, who were desirous of gratifying their curiosity with a sight of the unfortunate man in the press-yard, which was extremely crowded, to the great emolument of the turnkeys, who levied a tax of a shilling a head, so that they must have profited very considerably." The exhibition lasted two hours.

Criminal Returns.—The commitments in the last ten years were as follows:—

1835 .. 20,731	1840 .. 27,187
1836 .. 20,984	1841 .. 27,760
1837 .. 23,612	1842 .. 31,309
1838 .. 23,094	1843 .. 29,591
1839 .. 24,443	1844 .. 26,542

112,864 142,389

Unhappily it is found that there is a great increase in crimes formerly punished capitally, which are no longer visited with death.

Names of a Prince.—The Prince of Portugal at his baptism received the following names:—"Dom Luis Philippe Maria Fernando Pedro de Alcantara Antonio Miguel Rafael Gonzaga Xavier Francisco de Assis Joao Julio Augusto Volsondo de Braganza e Bourbon Saxe Coburg Gotha." The first chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew should have been consulted to furnish a respectable addition to his distinctions.

Milton's Watch is still in existence. It is inscribed "Joanni Milton, 1631," purporting to be a presentation to John Milton at that time, which is the year he left Christ's College, Cambridge, and went to reside with his father at Horton, Bucks, at the age of twenty-three. The maker's name, "Gulielmus Bunting, in Pope's Head-alley," is found in the books of the Goldsmiths' Company, and afterwards, as one of the first members of the "Clockmakers' Company," which was formed in 1632.

Handsome Bar-maids.—The following advertisement appears in a late New Orleans paper:—"Wanted, two handsome ladies, to assist in two bar-rooms, and to whom liberal wages will be given. Beauties from New York, Charleston, or Savannah, will be preferred. Due attention will be paid to applicants, at No. 60, Camp-street."

Dwelling Houses at Cologne.—"Of what avail are stately palaces, broad streets, or airy markets, to a town which can boast of such a treasure as the bodies of those three wise sovereigns who were star-led to Bethlehem? Is not this circumstance enough to procure it every kind of respect? I really believe so, from the pious and dignified contentment of the inhabitants. They care not a hair of an ass's ear whether their houses be gloomy and ill-contrived, their pavements over-grown with weeds, and their shops half coked up with filthiness, provided the carcasses of Gaspar, Melchior, and Bathazar might be preserved with proper decorum."—*The late Mr. Beckford.*

Sultan Mahmoud's Jester.—Abdi Bey, the sultan's jester, who died in 1835, held this post under different sultans for forty years; and in the early part of his career his profession was no sinecure, as the jokes were then practical and at his own expense,

such as mounting him on a giraffe, immersing him in water, &c. &c. But sultan Mahmoud having no relish for such amusements, he was latterly employed to keep him in good spirits by smart sayings and diverting stories. He left behind him £150,000.

Grand Scientific Re-union.—The twenty-third annual congress of German naturalists will assemble at Nuremberg, on the 13th of October, in the present year, and continue its sittings for three weeks. The king of Bavaria has placed at their disposition the ground floor of the palace of Nuremberg.

Durrow Abbey, the Seat of the late Lord Norbury.—Durrow Abbey was nearly seven hundred years ago, the scene of the murder of an English nobleman by one of his own servants. In A. D. 1186, Hugh de Lady, when superintending the erection of the castle of Durrow, on the site of the ancient abbey, was slain by one of his own workmen, who struck him on the head with a pick-axe, as he stooped to give directions about the building. The murderer was incited to the bloody deed by religious zeal. He looked upon the erection of the castle as a profanation of holy ground, for Durrow is a spot still regarded with superstitious veneration by the Irish. Here are St. Columb's cross and Holy Well; and hither pilgrims annually swarm.

Rare Times.—In another part of the present number, a correspondent pleasantly but feelingly touches on the strange doings of advertisers, and the extravagant advantages they seek to gain. The following advertisement from the *Times* of July 11, will show him that the elderly gentleman can be as exacting as any of those he has particularised:—"Wanted immediately by an elderly gentleman of quiet and regular habits, board and lodging in a respectable family, where there are no young children. A separate bed-room would be required, and the comfort of a home expected, as the advertiser would take all his meals with the family, and occupy the same sitting-room. The distance, if out of town, must not exceed a sixpenny omnibus. Terms, not more than 11s. per week." The modest elderly gentleman, with his board and lodging for 11s. per week, who allows of no other inmate or children, probably expected answers from Belgrave Square.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The publication of the "Wandering Jew," suspended for some time in Paris, will account for its absence in the present number. The continuation will appear next week.

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